

THE NEW SOUTH.

Vol. 1, No. 23.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1863.

Price Five Cents.

THE NEW SOUTH.

Published every *Saturday Morning* by

JOS. H. SEARS,.....Proprietor.

PRICE: FIVE CENTS PER COPY.

Advertisements, fifty cents a line, each insertion.

Terms: invariably cash.

OFFICE: Post Office Building, Union Square.

THE REVEILLE.

In the course of a lecture delivered in San Francisco Rev. T. STARR KING recited the following stanzas, written, but not before published by T. B. Hart of that city. Mr. King thought them worthy of Dr. Holmes. The applause of the audience was not worth the less because it was reserved till the last line was finished, and then came measured according to a deliberate judgment:

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a Nation's host have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum—
Saying "Come,
Freemen Come!

Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel;
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed "Come!

Death shall reap the bravest harvest," said the solemn sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest—subjugation—
Even greater ill be done?"
But the drum,
Answered "Come!

You must do the sum to prove it," said the yankee answering drum.

"What if, amid the cannons' thunder,
Whistling shell and bursting bomb—
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb!"
But the drum
Answered "Come,

Better that in death united, than in life a recreant—Come."

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing—
Some in faith, in doubting some,
Till a trumpet voice proclaiming
Said, "My chosen people come!"
Then the drum
Lo! was dumb,

For the great heart of the nation, throbbing answered
"Lord, we come."

Have We a General Among Us?

They say at Washington that we have some thirty-eight to forty Major-Generals, and nearly three hundred Brigadiers; and now the question is, have we one man who can fairly be called a first class General in the proper meaning of the term?

Before this war broke out, it was the prevailing opinion in military circles—more or less inspired by General Scott—that "Bob Lee," now commander-in-chief of the rebel army, was the ablest strategist in our service. He had been chief of staff to the Conqueror of Mexico. Next to him, Albert S. Johnston, who commanded our expedition to Utah, and was killed on the battle-field of Shiloh, was understood to rank in point of military capacity. But it was doubted by General Scott whether either of these two men, or any other officer in the service, was capable of maneuvering 50,000 men.

When the rebellion occurred, and Scott, with his rare sagacity, foresaw the nature of the struggle and that we must have a Hoche or a Wolfe to lead

our army, himself being too old for the work, the question arose—who should be the man? Lee and Johnston were with the enemy. Harney was not trusted. Between Scott and Wool a deadly feud reigned. Twiggs had played traitor. Patterson, like Scott, was superannuated. After much consultation the choice of Government fell upon Irvin M'Dowell, a soldier of fair repute, who had been employed for many years in the bureaux at Washington. The recent court-martials have effectually silenced the calumnies which at one time obscured General M'Dowell's fair fame; no blot now rests upon his honor. But his original appointment was probably due to political influence, and his subsequent record at Bull Run, and in the campaign of 1862, showed that, while his abilities were respectable, he had no claim to the first place among Generals.

To him succeeded M'Clellan, whom every one pronounced the coming man. Such opportunities as he enjoyed have seldom been vouchsafed to any one in any country at any time. And it is still an open question whether or no he made the most of them. For though his delays were exasperating, it is not sure that greater haste would have been safe: though his peninsular campaign was a failure, it is not sure that this was not caused exclusively by the refusal of the Government at the last hour to allow M'Dowell to co-operate with him: though he wasted a precious month in inaction after Antietam and refused to move at the command of the President, it is not sure that if he had moved he would not have met his Fredericksburg. It is certain that he possesses some of the qualities of a first-rate General. As a strategist, he is admitted to be perfect. His plans are comprehensive, far-reaching, and safe. He never neglects "lines of retreat." He knows the value of earth-works, and is aware that cannon-shot hit hard. He has made an army, and, more than that, he has won their love, as Napoleon won the love of his *rielle garde*. But, on the other hand, it is doubted by his critics whether he has the dash and daring which are essential to the making of a first-class General. He is said never to have made an attack upon the enemy, but always to have waited to be attacked. In him caution is said to preponderate over enterprise: he is always prone rather to exaggerate than to underrate an enemy's strength: a man, it is even said, of more science than genius. Such a soldier would be admirable and perfect in command of a fortress, but could not aspire to the first rank among Generals.

Burnside's place among soldiers is undetermined. He has hitherto given proof of the very qualities which M'Clellan is said to lack, viz., energy and daring. His attack upon the rebel batteries at Roanoke and Newbern, and the attempt to storm Lee's intrenchments at Fredericksburg were not at all in the M'Clellan style. They remind one more of Napoleon's method. He resembles M'Clellan in his perseverance and in his popularity with his men. It remains to be seen whether he possesses the other great qualities of that eminent commander—his coolness, his power of combination, his foresight, and his rapidity of conception. If he does, he will prove the General for the crisis.

The West has been prolific of Generals of fair merit. Lyon, had he lived, would probably have stood high. General Pope, who at one time enjoyed a repute second to none, struck his name off the list of competitors for fame by the disastrous campaign ending at Centerville. Ulysses Grant has given evidence of enterprise and determination, and personal gallantry which have stood him in good stead. He was very fortunate at Fort Donelson. Whether his record at Shiloh—where he would have been destroyed but for accidents beyond his control—will bear the test of inquiry, is a question yet undetermined. However, he has still opportunities of vindicating his claim to the confidence reposed in him by General Halleck. General Stephen R. Curtis did exceedingly well on the frontier of Missouri, and showed such administrative ability that, when General Halleck was called East, he succeeded him at St. Louis. General Blunt has lately won laurels in Arkansas; his march to Van Buren is one of the finest exploits of the war, and if his expedition terminates successfully he will rank high among our heroes.

At the present moment, however, the most prom-

ising of our soldiers is William S. Rosecrans. This officer was selected by General McClellan at the outbreak of the war, and served under him in Western Virginia. He, like McClellan, had served in the army, resigned, and engaged in scientific and business pursuits. When McClellan was ordered to Washington, Rosecrans succeeded him, and thoroughly accomplished his work. He drove the rebels out of Western Virginia and enabled the people of that State to organize a State government in peace. But for an accident he would have "bagged" Floyd and his army. After a period of idleness, he was sent to Corinth, where he spent some weeks in necessary preparations, knowing that the enemy must attack him if he remained still. The attack came, and resulted not only in the repulse, but in the destruction of the rebel army, and enabled General Grant to move forward to Oxford. Promoted then to the command of the Army of the Ohio, he spent six weeks at Nashville in concentrating his forces, and accumulating equipments and supplies for the campaign. He moved on the 29th December, and after five days desperate fighting, completely defeated and "drove" the rebel army under Bragg, which, according to the Richmond papers, was "to repossess Nashville within a week." As a strategist Rosecrans has proved himself second to none. In Western Virginia his combinations were most ingenious, and his foresight wonderful. So at Corinth, where he alone of his officers foresaw the battle, and how it would end. His wonderful mathematical ability, which was remarked at West Point, stood him in good stead. At Murfreesboro he seems to have developed personal gallantry of the Grant order. Twice, at least, in the course of those five days' battles, he saved the day, and repelled the enemy, by galloping into the thickest of the fight. If he pursues the enemy as briskly as he attacked them, none of our Generals will stand higher than Rosecrans.

General Banks' record as a soldier has thus far only been illustrated in his successful retreat up the Shenandoah Valley, and in the battle of Cedar Mountain. Both operations were correct, and showed that he understood his new calling. Those who know General Banks expect more of him, and believe that before this war ends he will take a high place among its heroes. West Point has furnished the country with but few generals-in-chief. Not that a military education naturally unfits a man for being a great soldier. But war being an art, not a science, a man can no more be made a first-class general than a first-class painter, or a great poet, by professors and text-books; he must be born with the genius of war in his breast. Very few such men are born in a century, and the chances are rather that they will be found among the millions of the outside people than in the select circle who are educated at West Point.

Victor Hugo's Bishop.—The many readers whose eyes have gathered tears at the portrait of the Good Bishop in Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*, will be interested to know that the artist drew his picture not from fancy but from life.

"In 1815," as the story begins, "M. Charles Franco's Bienvenu Myriel was Bishop of D——. He was a man of seventy-five and had occupied the Bishopric of D—— since 1805."

We see it stated that the real Bishop whose good deeds are almost literally narrated by the novelist, was Charles Francis Melchior Bienvenu Miollis, Bishop of Digne, who was born in 1753 and died in 1846. These figures do not exactly correspond with Victor Hugo's; the Bishop's birth having been moved backward thirteen years, and his life shortened by eight years to suit the story. The good man lives anew in the world after his death, and "being dead, yet speaketh."

WHO GOVERN GREAT BRITAIN.—Mason Jones, in his lecture in New York, told his audience that in England three hundred families controlled the Government, a few thousand landlords owned the soil—five men owned one-fourth of Scotland, and five millions of adult men had no voice in the Government.